

# THE KEYSTONE

1899

IDA MARSHALL LINING,  
Editor.

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Associate Editor.

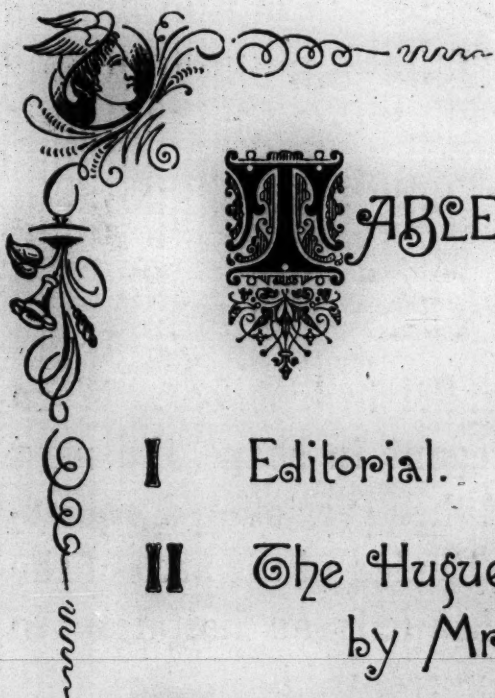
NO. 8. JANUARY, 1900.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED  
TO WOMAN'S WORK.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Official Organ for the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs.

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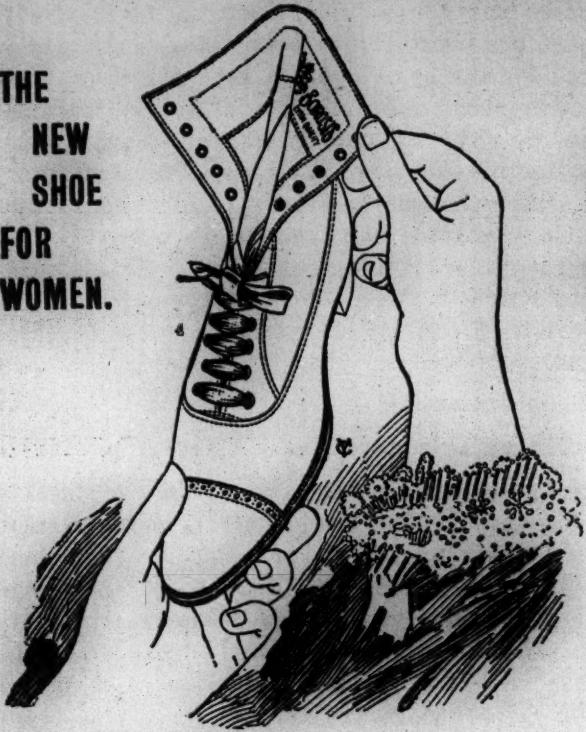


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## Editorial.

The Circulation of the Keystone is 2000 copies monthly.

THE January Keystone exceeds the December Keystone in size by four pages, and now appears a journal of twenty pages.

We are growing weighty; read this:

"Post Office at Charleston, S. C. No. 11. Date, Dec. 4, 1899. Publication or News Agent, Keystone, 245 pounds, at — a pound, \$ — — Received the above amount in full prepayment of postage.

G. I. CUNNINGHAM, Postmaster.  
By DOWNING, Foreman."

Copied,

AMONG the attractive features of the February Keystone, will be the following:

- I. The Jesuits; their Foundation and Influence. By a member of the Century Club.
- II. Common Sense in Bird Protection. By Mrs. Edward Robins, Secretary Penn. Audubon Society.

THE Keystone calls attention to the appeal in behalf of the widows and orphans of the Boers, on page 12. All contributions sent us will be forwarded at once to Mr. Geo. W. Siclen, the Treasurer of the Fund in America.

FEW people realize that many individualities make up the sentiment of a community. If the standard of the community would be high, the standard of the individual citizen must also be high, for each one shapes and defines the policy and thought of his State by his own life and ideas.

The very thought of a land is pure and uplifted, or degraded and sordid, according to the individual idea.

Do not think that because you are one person by yourself, it does not matter what you think, or what you feel. Cultivate individuality, and think for yourself; you will soon find that other people will follow your thought.

Express that thought as it comes to you, in the best way you can. Don't wait for another to open up the road to a new idea, but cut the way through the underbrush yourself. Your words at first may be crude and badly put, but never fear, if the idea is there, the words will come.

Never be afraid of giving the world too many ideas; there are so many people who have no ideas at all.

Give, give of your individual thought. Be firm in your purpose; stand up for your ideas and champion your own convictions.

A community made up of fearless, outspoken, independent thinkers, is one where all the virtues and graces can flourish.

AGAIN the art loving public of South Carolina had the opportunity of securing good pictures through the enterprise of the Charleston Art Club, which held its annual sale in December. These sales are an interesting feature of the work of the Club, as they are a medium of communication between the artist and his public.

Each December finds the rooms of the Art Club filled with pictures and sketches suitable for Christmas presents, and as the work offered for sale is excellent in style and taste, these annual sales have become a consideration to the Christmas shopper. Miss Eola Willis' monotypes were especially interesting and attractive this year.

Artist from many States send their pictures on for this sale, and find it a most satisfactory way of disposing of their work, both for themselves and their patrons.

As it is for the most part the effort of women, The Keystone takes pleasure in making known its existence to those interested in art, who are not already acquainted with its purposes.

WE are glad to welcome the Seaboard Air Line to Charleston. The management has given very material assistance to the club women of South Carolina, and made it possible for them to do their work in village improvement and travelling libraries most effectively. Mr. Patrick, who is called the "Patron Saint" of the S. A. L., has proven himself the friend of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and The Keystone, as the official organ, speaks for them in extending greetings at the beginning of this brand new century, to the S. A. L. and the "Saint."

MRS. Virginia D. Young, President of the Equal Rights Association of South Carolina, spoke in Atlanta, on November 28th, in the interest of her work, before a large audience in the State House. Contrary to her custom, she spoke without notes. Her speech was well received, and generously applauded.

THE KEYSTONE acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the Year Book (1899-1900) of the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs. It contains the following notice:

"To Club Secretaries:

\* \* \* \* \*

Two copies of this Directory will be furnished each club. Any one desiring a copy, may order from the Corresponding Secretary, enclosing five cents for postage with order.

MARY HEMPHILL,

Corresponding Secretary S. C. F. W. C.,  
Abbeville, S. C."

THE General Federation of Women's Clubs is now in the throes of reorganization. The question of a per capita tax, and representation in the Biennial Convention, are being widely discussed, and there are some fears of making too much of organization. There is to be a meeting of the General Committee in February, to formulate a plan of reorganization, to present at the Milwaukee Convention.



## SOUTH CAROLINA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

*"Animis opibusque parati."*

This department is official and will be continued monthly. Official news and calls of Federation Committees printed here.

### List of Officers.

President, Mrs. M. W. Coleman, Seneca, S. C.  
Vice-President, Mrs. J. Sumpter Means, Spartanburg, S. C.  
Recording Secretary, Miss Louisa B. Poppenheim, Charleston, S. C., (31 Meeting Street.)  
Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mary Hemphill, Abbeville, S. C.  
Treasurer, Miss E. J. Roach, Rock Hill, S. C.  
Auditor, Mrs. M. P. Gridley, Greenville, S. C.

### Official Notice.

At the Annual Convention in Chester, "The Keystone" was adopted as the official organ of the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs. All clubs are urged to make use of this medium for giving publicity to all club news, as well as official news of the Federation.

MRS. M. W. COLEMAN,  
President,  
South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs.

The first meeting of the Executive Board of the City Union of Charleston, S. C., was held on Thursday, December 14th.

Every member of the Board was present, and great enthusiasm was evinced in planning for the Convention of the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, which is to meet by invitation of the City Union, in Charleston, during Easter Week. At this meeting the Board had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. M. W. Coleman, the President of the South Carolina Federation, who was in the city for the week on Federation business.

She urged on the clubs that they should continue the work of collecting Travelling Libraries with renewed effort, as the cases were now all ready for books donated for this work.

She also stated that there were to be two distributing points for the libraries in South Carolina; one north of Columbia, and one south of Columbia, and that all libraries contributed would be first circulated in the localities where they were donated.

THE authorities in charge of the Woman's Department of the Paris Exposition, have issued a circular stating that the Congress of women will meet on June 18th, 1900, and will last six days, the place of meeting being the Exposition Palais des Congres. Each speaker will be allowed to occupy the platform fifteen minutes.

All papers to be presented at the Congress must first be submitted to the Organizing Committees before April 15th, 1900.

Membership cards are fixed at ten francs, and only members have the right to take part in the festivities of the Congress.

Those who desire to take part in the Congress, should address the Secretary-General of the Committee on Organization, Mme. Pegard, 24 Rue Drouet, Paris, France.

## Club Column.

MANAGER, MISS LOUISA B. POPPENHEIM, CHARLESTON, S. C.

All Clubs in the State are invited to send notes to this department which will be continued monthly.

### Busy Club Women Helped.

THE KEYSTONE is prepared to furnish programs and outlines of study for clubs. For further particulars, apply to the manager of this column.

### Charleston.

A meeting of the City Union of Charleston, S. C., will be held on Friday afternoon, January 5th, at 4.30 P. M., at Mrs. Smith's School Building, 101 Meeting Street. A full attendance is requested, as matters of importance are to be discussed.

THE Century Club held a Current Topic Meeting at Miss McGahan's residence, on the afternoon of December 18th. The subject under discussion was the Transvaal Question. Mrs. G. E. Gibbon and Mrs. Felix Prendergast read articles on the Boer side, and the club was fortunate enough to have the English side taken by Mr. Lamb, an Englishman, who had spent thirty-five years in Cape Colony. The meeting adjourned informally with that melodious little soldier ditty, "On the Road to Mandalay."

THE Psychology and Child Study Club, under the able Presidency of Mrs. Lining, inaugurated in the early fall a series of free lectures, by prominent professional men, for the benefit of the Club and those of the public interested in educational questions.

Two lectures have thus far been given; one by Dr. Memminger, subject, "Air," and one on "Education," by Dr. P. Gourdin DeSaussure.

The audiences having grown too large for the seating capacity of the club room, the President has made arrangements to provide larger accommodations for the next lecture.

The subject will be "The Office of the Ganglion," by Dr. Robert Wilson.

C. H. FORD,  
Corresponding Secretary.

### Spartanburg.

THE Ladies' Library Association meets twice a month, on the second and fourth Thursdays. We are studying "Nineteenth Century Russia" this winter, following somewhat the same plan as last year, in "Nineteenth Century Great Britain." At our last meeting interesting papers were read on the "Characteristics of the Russian Peasant," "Village Self-Government," and "Lights and Shadows of Peasant Life." The topic for conversation was "Tales and Legends from the Land of the Tsar."

We have eight lectures on our program, two of which have been given; one by Dr. J. H. Carlisle, of Wofford College, on the general subject of "Russia;" and one by Professor J. A. Gamewell, also of Wofford College, on the "Modern Spirit in Russia."

We are so fortunate as to have for our President, Mrs. T. S. Means, the Vice-President of the State Federation.

The L. L. A. gave a successful entertainment, "The



Spinster's Fortnightly Club," under the direction of Mrs. Fanny Gilliam, the night of December 2nd, for the benefit of the Kennedy Library. Over seventy-six dollars was realized, with which we hope to purchase more books, and rebind some which have become dilapidated from constant use.

—ANNIE R. ALLEN.

### Union.

#### TUESDAY CLUB.

IN the parlors of Mrs. A. H. Foster gathered many matrons, and quite a bevy of pretty girls the last Tuesday afternoon in November, when the "Tuesday Club" entertained the "Standard Club." It was a library party, and each one present represented some book. The ingenuity displayed by some was most excellent.

Sweet music added to the occasion; last, but not least, the guests were ushered into the dining room, where refreshments were served.

The toast mistress, Mrs. James Munro, then gave notice that another treat was in store.

The first toast of the evening, "Our Clubs," was responded to by Mrs. C. T. Murphy, President of the "Standard Club."

The second toast, "The Silent Members of our Clubs, our Husbands and our Sweethearts," was responded to in a most charming way by Mrs. T. C. Duncan, President of the "Tuesday Club." Mrs. Porter responded to the third and last toast, "The Club Woman," giving full justice to the women for their noble work.

This ended an evening of unalloyed pleasure. Well may we say, "Long Live our Clubs."

—L. F.

### A Plea for Country Clubs.

THE Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs is a most practical and energetic body. Perhaps no line of progress espoused by the Federation will bear finer results than the effort to have women in the country form clubs. The intense enjoyment of women who belonged to the Grange a few years ago, proves how beneficial a factor it would be to prevent the isolation so often experienced by women in the country.

Horticulture and housekeeping might be intermingled with reading in a most delightful way.

The writer recalls an old lady, born in 1795, who had been entirely brought up in an up-country district, before the days of magazines and railroads. She often interlarded her conversation with quotations from rare authors; Zimmerman on Solitude, and other British Classics. One day in response to an inquiry as to how she knew so much good prose and poetry, she said a brother, after his graduation at the South Carolina College, had formed a society. A small sum was paid yearly for the purchase of books; these were circulated from house to house.

And certainly one must wish Mrs. Parks, the head of the country clubs in Georgia, God speed. I am sure that if the South Carolina Federation will take this work up, it will be the means of bringing South Carolina women in contact with one another, and this will accomplish a great work for the women of our State.

—MRS. T. SUMTER MEANS.

### The Daughters of the Confederacy.

THE Annual Meeting of the Charleston Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy was held at the Chapter Room, Market Hall, on Wednesday, December 20th. There was quite a large attendance, and the hall presented a most attractive appearance, with its walls decorated by flags, manuscripts and Confederate relics.

Several matters of interest were decided upon. Among these may be mentioned the following: The Chapter Room hereafter will be open once a month for the reception of visitors. The second Saturday in the month, from twelve to two o'clock, being the time decided upon by the Chapter.

It was also decided that the Chapter offer a prize to the young students of Charleston for the best essay on a Confederate subject. The details of this offer were placed in the hands of a committee, who were to formulate the best plan of action for the Association in this matter. This committee was instructed to present their plan to the Executive Board for its approval. The Board was then to decide if or not it was necessary to submit the matter to the Association again.

The Historical Committee of the Chapter was instructed to write and invite the children in the schools of Charleston, both public and private, to visit the Chapter Room on some special day, and to request that after this visit the children be required to write a composition on their visit to the Room.

Full and interesting reports of both the Richmond and Greenville Conventions were then read to the Chapter. Great emphasis being laid on the necessity for active work in regard to the Davis Monument it was decided by the Chapter that all its immediate activity be devoted to the Davis Monument.

The President reported that Judge Charles H. Simonton had presented the Chapter Room with a set of The Military History of the Confederate States, in twelve volumes. A vote of thanks was sent Judge Simonton for his gift.

Resolutions on the death of Mrs. John Thompson were adopted, and a letter was read from General Hampton, thanking the Daughters of the Confederacy of Charleston for their contributions in refurnishing his house in Columbia.

Mrs. Smythe, the President of the Chapter, refusing to stand for re-election, Mrs. G. R. Brackett offered resolution of appreciation of her services to the Chapter, which resolutions were endorsed most heartily by the Chapter.

Mrs. Alfred Rhett, the First Vice-President, and Miss Charlotte Holmes, the Treasurer, also refusing to stand for re-election, a nominating committee presented a report of officers and a Board of Managers. This report was adopted by acclamation, and the following officers were declared elected for 1900:

President, Mrs. James Conner.

First Vice-President, Mrs. John Johnson.

Second Vice-President, Mrs. Zimmerman Davis.

Corresponding Secretary, Miss Martha B. Washington.

Recording Secretary, Miss C. L. Porcher.

Treasurer, Miss Lizzie Holmes.

The retiring President, Mrs. Smythe, asked the privilege of conducting the incoming President, Mrs. Conner, to the chair.

The arrangements for the celebration of General Lee's Birthday, January 19th, have been already arranged for by Mrs. Smythe's forethought, and the Chapter will have the pleasure of listening to Dr. J. L. M. Curry, of Washington, D. C., on that occasion.



### The Huguenot Church of Charleston, S. C.

WHATEVER draws us from the power of our senses, or makes the past, the distant or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings, and what is more worthy of thought than the struggles and trials of the Huguenots, and the cruelties, persecutions and tortures that drove them into voluntary exile! How strong and deep-rooted must have been their religious convictions, for them to endure and suffer as they did!

How worthy such a cause, and such a people, of praise and remembrance!

After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the persecuted Huguenots had vainly hoped that their interests would have been considered in the negotiations for the treaty of Ryswick, but violence was again resorted to for compelling a change of religion, and the law against relapsed heretics was severely enforced. These measures compelled emigration, and in 1685 French Protestants came to South Carolina in great numbers and formed four settlements; one in the city of Charleston, and the other three in the country.

Each of these settlements had its church. The only one which retained its autonomy and identity, and continues to this day, is the Huguenot Church established in the city of Charleston. Since that time this church has continued, until now it is the only church in this country which retains the distinctive features of the Huguenot service. A liturgical form, copied from that of the churches of Neuchâtel and Vallangin, has always been used in this church since 1740. The liturgical form first adopted is believed to have been that of the church at Geneva. In 1828 it was determined to employ the English tongue in the service, so the French liturgy was translated by a committee of competent members.

Following the example of the Church of France, this church has always kept Christmas, Good Friday and Easter.

The present building, on the south-east corner of Church and Queen Streets, is supposed to be the fourth Huguenot Church erected upon that site. This church was completed and occupied in May, 1845. In architectural design it is purely Gothic. Several years had elapsed between the destruction of the last edifice and the completion and occupation of the present church, so the congregation, which up to this time, had been almost too large for the church, was scattered and absorbed by the numerous Protestant Churches of the community.

When one looks around on the walls of this beautiful little church, and sees the chaste tablets to the Huguenot sires, one feels that the descendants of the Prioleau's, the Mazyck's, the Gourdin's, the Porcher's, the Gaillard's, the de Sausure's, the Horry's, the Huger's, the Lanier's, and the Ravenel's, are responsible for its maintenance, and should be the nucleus around which to gather a large and appreciative congregation. To them, and to their heirs forever, should this church be held "in perpetual care."

It is to be hoped that this meagre detail of the Huguenot Church will awaken interest in many of the descendants of those who left their native land, abandoning all that was dear to them, except those few of their immediate relatives whom they could take with them, to seek safety in a foreign country, where, at least, they might worship their Creator according to the dictates of their conscience. A sturdy, self-reliant race, they were, holding their own in religion and trade matters for centuries, until the loss of the language of their forefathers destroyed gradually their identity, and caused them at last to be so amalgamated with their English neigh-

bors, that at the present day they are to be distinguished, and that often with difficulty, by their names alone.

The love of family, and the pride of ancient lineage, should be the inheritance of every Huguenot. Times have changed, and fortunes have been lost, but still the Huguenot name has been preserved, and what better monument can it have than the Huguenot Church? Instead of empty pews, a depleted treasury, and the prospect of closing the little church in the very near future, or keeping it merely as a "museum" of what has been, the pews should be filled with the descendants of those early martyrs who did and suffered so much for the sake of their religion.

Perhaps absence does make the heart grow fonder, for there are in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, such true and loyal Huguenots, that although they cannot lend assistance, and show appreciation by their actual presence, still they add materially to the welfare of the church by having become pew holders. If only a small portion of the Huguenot population of Charleston would unite itself with this beautiful and historical little church, it would be filled, and represent a living memorial, rather than what has past and gone. The church represents an historical fact; it is a part of history, and in these enlightened days, how can a community allow anything historical to depreciate?

Memorials to all good causes have been cherished and preserved, why should the memorial to a religious cause be allowed to decline?

The regeneration of this church is in the hands of the women; it is their duty, and we look to them, to preserve for their children and children's children this monument of the Huguenots.

Without a woman man is naught, and the proverb "cherchez-la femme," though commonly urged with a cynical sneer, is as full of human wisdom, as any saying of Solomon. Especially is woman's influence great for things religious, and no matter how humble your sphere, or how lowly your condition, you still have this gift from God. Not by words only, but by deeds, can you accomplish this end.

Come to the church, and by your actual presence, and material efforts, give it a regeneration, and show to the world that Charleston is always a venerator of things historical, and that we have a pride not only in the Huguenot name, but also in preserving and upholding the Huguenot memorial.

MRS. DANIEL RAVENEL, JR.

### Women in Fiction.

MY object in this article will simply be to give in as short a space as consistent with proper detail the entrance to women in our own literature, leaving out entirely foreign writers, as it becomes us to know our own authors to a greater extent than those of other climes.

Of course I will be compelled to leave by the wayside hosts of names of women, famous in fiction, dwelling lightly upon a few in the different eras that naturally constitute the advent of women of America in the field of fiction.

The first period you might say, was from 1600 to about 1760 should be termed Colonial.

We find in this period but few women entering upon the line of fiction.

Listen for a few moments to what John Winthrop says, regarding the Puritan opinion of literary women at that time:

"Mr. Hopkins, the Governor of Hartford upon Connecticut, came to Boston one day, and brought his wife with him, a goodly young woman, who had fallen into a sad infirmity—



the loss of her understanding and reason, which had been growing upon her by occasion of her giving herself wholly to reading and writing many books. Her husband being very loving and tender of her, was loath to grieve her, but he saw his error when too late, for if she had attended to her household affairs and such things as belong to women, and not gone out of her way and calling, to meddle in the things that are proper for men, whose minds are stronger, etc., she would have kept her wits, and might have improved them usefully. He brought her to Boston, and left her with her brother, Mr. Yale, a merchant, to try what means might be had there for her, but no help could be had."

I make use of these remarks simply to show how women of that day were kept from advancing into the field of fiction, not from lack of brains or intellect, but public opinion was sadly against it.

The second period, the revolutionary epoch, from 1765 to 1780, we also find only a few women devoting their entire time to fiction.

It is evident that the necessities of life, surrounded as they were with perils and hardships, and lack of opportunities for education, still shows itself.

We now enter into the third period, beginning with the formation of a republic; we find women still making but little headway for the first twenty or thirty years, but from about 1820 to the present time, woman has rapidly advanced towards her proper sphere in this much sought realm. We find about this time Lavinia Stoddard, and later, Catherine Sedgewick, Lydia Sigourney, Caroline Gilman, Maria Brooks, Louise McCord, (a Southern woman, who was born in Columbia, S. C., and who wrote for the Southern Quarterly Review in 1852).

One of the brightest women of this time, Margaret Fuller, whose fine mind made her the intellectual companion of Emerson and Hawthorne, and other leading literary men of the day. Hawthorne said of her that she set out in all sincerity to make herself the wisest, greatest and best woman of her age. To that end she set to work, putting here a splendid talent, and there a moral excellence, and polished each separate piece and the whole altogether, until it seemed to shine afar, and dazzle all who saw it.

Her remarkable work, "Women in the 19th Century," is a book that few women could have written, and was held in high praise by the leading literary lights.

Reminiscences of well known authors are always pleasant, and I fain would speak of the Cary Sisters. This gifted pair received their early education at the little brick school house near their home, but longing to further their knowledge in the literary field, they left Clover Nook, their once happy home, and started out into the world among entire strangers, to battle with, they knew not what, but the sweet songs that flowed from their hearts, soon led them to heights of fame. The sisters both wrote unceasingly. Alice alone, in the space of twenty years, sent out eleven volumes, besides numerous articles for the press. After the death of Alice, Phoebe, who had given the world many beautiful pen pictures, soon finished her work, and the sisters were laid side by side in the silent city of the dead.

About this time the following women sprang into prominence: Harriet Beecher Stowe, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Stoddard, Helen Hunt Jackson, Amelia Barr, Julia Ward Howe, and Louisa M. Alcott.

No writer has charmed more young people than this gifted woman. In 1867, her most popular book, "Little Women,"

was published, and was a great success, and reaching a sale of two hundred and fifty thousand copies.

Another beloved writer is Mary J. Holmes, whose works are sweet, pure and wholesome, and have been the delight of thousands of young girls. She began writing when about 13 years of age, and has given to the world many beautiful stories. She has been trying for years to write a book of her travels, which extend all over the globe, from India to Alaska, but the story readers give her no time to do so.

Augusta Evans was the original Southern woman, who captured New York. She was born in Georgia, but for many years has lived in Mobile, Ala. Her first book, "Inez," was written at the age of 14. After the war, Miss Evans came to New York, and brought out "St. Elmo," a book that made a great literary sensation, and she received many letters from men in other countries, who assured her that they owed their mental reformation to that great novel.

Another woman who became famous in fiction is Louise Chandler Moulton, a New England woman, who is no less appreciated in London, than in America. Every season, for fifteen years, London has seen her surrounded by the most famous men and women of all professions. Her husband, William Moulton, the Boston journalist, is her co-worker, and it is the desire of every young writer who goes to New England, to find his way into the coterie of which they are the centre.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps came from a literary family; both her father and mother being gifted writers. Elizabeth had scarcely entered her teens when she began to write. She wrote several years without attracting any marked attention, but she followed Thackeray's advice, kept on, and finally "Gates Ajar" was published, and her reputation was made. All her writings display a religious earnestness.

We have many other brilliant women who have sprung into prominence as authors in the 19th Century. Harriet Spofford, Mary Mapes Dodge, Margaret Sangster, Marietta Holly, Kate Field, Sarah Orne Jewett, Charles Egbert Craddock, Marion Harland, Francis Hodgson Burnett, and a host of others that I cannot take time at present to dwell upon.

America has cause to be proud of her women, and the literary woman seems to be sweeping everything before her, and at no time in the past history of literature has the making of fiction by woman occupied so large a part of public attention as at present. Good stories are accepted to-day as powerful educating agents, and notable fiction is appreciated from the pulpit as promptly as from the editor's chair, and indeed all along the front rank of civilization the word is passed that the art of fiction-writing is a noble calling, and one which creates a love of nature, and awakens the spirit of humanity—drawing us into ardent sympathy with the world about us.

The clever American women who have adorned the 19th Century through the medium of their pens, have made it memorable by their achievements and success. It is this power of kindling the fires of truth and beauty in other souls, which is the real charm of a writer.

Let us ponder for a moment, and we cannot fail to realize what great benefits we derive from the pen of woman, and how through this channel, she has elevated mankind into a purer atmosphere.

The world of matter is a vision of the world of mind, and when we have solved the problem of human thought, we have discovered the nature of God.

May our distinguished women writers ever retain the honored position they now occupy, and continue to give to the world their beautiful works of fiction. MRS. J. M. COLEMAN.



## An Old-Fashioned Love Story.

(Written for The Keystone by A. L. O. C., Charleston, S. C.)

"Twas the night before Christmas,  
And all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring,  
Not even a mouse."

ALL was not quite still, however, in a small stone cottage on the rock-bound coast of a New England village. The house stood bald and bare, a thing apart from the village proper; a mile or more away from the nearest neighbor. Very little was known of the inmates, except that they were ladies, one bowed by either age or infirmity, the other, almost as fragile, but with a fair, sweet face, and a wealth of snowy hair which gave the owner a strange, though distinguished appearance.

The people at the little village bank knew them as Mrs. Edwards and Miss Lois Edwards. They came in at stated intervals to draw a pittance seemingly too small to support the traditional mouse, yet these two women actually lived upon it, or at least eked out an existence upon it, with a small addition which came to Miss Lois from a fisher lad and his sister, whom she taught, and who paid for it in fish and drift-wood, and service, and undying devotion.

The owner of the cottage, a bluff sea captain, with, as he phrased it, "neither chick nor child," brought the two ladies from a lovely old Southern city, eternally bathed in the golden sunlight, to this bleak, barren coast, and the warm heart under the rough pea-jacket surrendered at once to the gentle Southerners, especially to Miss Lois.

"Blast my eyes?" he exclaimed to himself. "If they were not just the angels they are, I'd think they were goin' to hide away from sumthin'. The old un is nigh about ready ter cast the moorins of her life boat an' anchor in the everlastin' I'm thinkin', but the young un"—

He dashed his hand across his eyes, and wiped away something that was not the brine of the sea.

"I can't stand it, I'll be d—ding-donged ef I can; I've got to help um somehow." And striding into the captain's cabin, which he had given up to his fair passengers, he blurted out: "Kin ye spare Miss Lois for a turn on the deck, mum? She's lookin' ruther peeky. We're off the Jersey Coast, en by your leave I'll be glad ter—"

Lois rose at once, a smile lighting up her sad, blue eyes.

"I shall be glad to go, Captain; mother wants a nap, and the air will do me good, it is rather sultry."

"Do so now," said the gallant captain. "I'll just douse this glim," as he lowered the light and opened a port hole to let in the air. "Now, Miss, take my arm to study yourself; the weather is calm, but there's a ground swell, en the ship rolls fer them as hasn't their sea legs, begging yer pardin."

Lois placed her slender hand on the sturdy arm, and the captain guided her along the deck, teaching her how to meet the roll of the vessel, his hearty laugh at her awkward efforts, being toned down by the nervous anticipation of what he was about to say to her.

"Now, Miss, I didn't bring ye out to show you no Jersey Coast. I want to know," he blurted out, "what you en tother angul are goin' ter do in New England? Why, Miss, ye're goin' to whar they turn out rough, study, old knotted, gnarly timbers like me; not tender, bloomin' flowers like you en her, usen ter the golden sunshine, en the gentle dews, en the fragrant breezes. What'll ye do when the blarst comes tearin' long like a army of ragin' demons, fit ter

bust through anything smaller en tenderer then them bloomin' rocks? Take my advice, Miss—I had a little girl onct, with pansy eyes like yourn, askin' yer pardin, Miss, en she loved her sailor lad so, that she let him transplant her from her land of sunshine and flowers, to his rugged home by the sea, en,—

The rough hand went across the captain's eyes again, and this time a tear splashed upon the deck.

"She couldn't stan it, Miss—she's bloomin' now in the Garden of Paradise. I don't know why you're goin', but let me take you back to your home."

Lois' slender figure bent beneath the force of her sobs, as she listened.

"Captain," she said, when she could find her voice, "we cannot, we have no home; our home henceforth must be where we make it, we have only each other. I thank you for your kindness. This voyage on a sailing vessel has helped mother already; her mind and body are at rest, and it is best that everything should be under new conditions in the new life. I will stand between her and its hardships."

Captain Pratt looked at Lois steadily for a moment.

"Poor little lass, you could hide under the lee of a rope yarn, an talk about hardships. If you could trust me, Miss, en you're not bound to one place more'n another, mebbe I could help you out."

And so, before she knew it, Lois had told him her story, and the captain listened, giving a grunt now and then, but not interrupting.

"Now, Miss Lois, if my Nell had lived, I'd have carried you right home to her. She's gone, so do the next best thing; the little home is there, just as she left it, its only a box of a place, and its right down among the rocks, but you can have it, and if you will live there, you will do me proud; under the circumstances, it does not matter where you live, and though I think you're all wrong, Miss, begging your pardon, and not givin' that poor fellow a chance, you put your confidence in me, and you won't regret it. We'll take the train from Hartford and run down there, en I'll see you settled, en things tidied up a bit, it will make me feel home-like onct more. Shake hands on it; its a bargain," and without waiting for a refusal, he hurried Lois into the cabin, and closed the door upon her.

And so it transpired, and the years passed by, and the golden hair of Lois was as white as the snow which drifted about the cottage each year, and the mother's form became more bent and more fragile. At first when the days were fine, they would walk over the sands together, or let Hiram Curtis, the fisher lad, row them to the village, but now Mrs. Edwards rarely left the fireside, and Lois went alone to the village on quarter days, and to give the tiny orders to the grocer, or to make the small purchases. They knew no one, excepting the rector of the little village church, a dull, inactive man, who deemed it no duty of his to pay visits to people who were not actually connected with his church, and although he did call once to ask Lois to sing in the choir, after she had forgotten one Sunday, and allowed her glorious voice to soar above the sound of the organ, her refusal had killed even that slight interest in her, and he had not felt called to go again.

On that very Sunday, a man sitting near the door of the church started at the sound of the voice, and tried to see the face of the singer, but it was turned from him, and he could only see the coils of snowy hair, and he sank back with a sigh, and buried his face in his hands.

This was the new doctor, who had come to take the place of



the old village physician, who passed away a few months before. A queer man, the villagers said; a perfect recluse, who lived with no one to look after his establishment, but the old housekeeper, and his red setter, Shandy. And yet—a man of wonderful skill; a man completely lost, so some said, on that small community; his handsome, erect figure could be seen stooping to enter the low roofed cottages when the typhus fever raged, and night and day he worked without rest or assistance, cheering some rugged fisherman or tiller of the soil with hope of recovery; closing the eyes and composing the limbs of some weary mother, too worn and fagged to recover when the fangs of the fever demon fastened upon her; or walking hour after hour with some poor little bereft and wailing infant, and so Dr. John became the idol of the village.

The captain's cottage attracted his attention once or twice; as he passed it, they told him that the "gray young lady" and her mother lived there, and beyond a passing thought connecting the former with the sweet voice in the church, it had passed from his mind.

"Twas the night before Christmas," the day closed with the lowering clouds, which betokened a heavy fall of snow. The wind rose and shrieked about the chimney of the stone cottage. Lois drew the curtains, and piled more wood upon the bed of glowing embers, and lit the student's lamp, making all within as cheerful as possible for the invalid whose couch was now drawn up before the fire, for she needed all the artificial warmth that could be had.

Lucy Curtis, Hiram's sister, crouched before the fire and slept. Lois cast anxious glances at the still form upon the couch. "Mother is asleep," she thought, and she shaded the lamp, and took up a magazine that had come to her but yesterday, from good Captain Pratt. Lois could not read, the wind sounded weird, and the sea dashed with fury upon the rocks. She was tired out with anxiety and constant watching, and her head drooped lower until she slept. How long she slept, she did not know, but a peculiar sound as of falling, awakened her. On the floor lay her mother. With a cry, Lois sprang to her feet, and shaking Lucy with all her might, she at last got the girl to realize the situation, and to help her to raise her mother from the floor to the couch.

The two women worked in silence, chafing the cold hands and feet. So long she lay unconscious, that Lois at last threw herself down by the couch and cried out:

"Oh! Lucy, my mother is dead."

"Deed, Miss, she ain't; don't take on so; let's try longer; is there any sperrits in the house?"

And then Lois remembered that there was but a teaspoonful of brandy left; she got it, however, and they gave it to her drop by drop; small as the quantity was, it revived her, but she moaned incessantly, and Lois wrung her hands in agony.

"If we could but get Dr. John, Miss," said Lucy; "but Hiram be gone, and sech a night as it is."

"Lucy, are you afraid to stay with her? I must go myself. I cannot let my mother die."

"Deed, Miss, you never could get there; the snow is fallin', an' the storm is risin'; don't you hear the breakers?"

"I must, Lucy; stay here with her like a good girl, and keep her warm, and if—if I should not get back, when morning comes send Hiram for help." Lucy wept aloud.

"The Lord is with you, Miss, but let me go; I'm the strongest."

"No, Lucy, I have no right to risk your life," and the frail woman quickly wrapped herself in her water-proof, and enveloped her head in a soft shawl of her mother's.

Bending over the couch she pressed a kiss upon the pallid brow.

"I leave her to you, Lucy; keep her for me until I come."

"I will, Miss; I will."

The opening of the door sent the snow flying across the room; it took all Lucy's strength to close it; and Lois, poor frail Lois, was out alone in the storm.

The clouds hung in heavy grey folds, but the white radiance of the snow made the way clear, and Lois bent to the storm and struggled bravely on. Many times she fell over rocks and drift-wood, as she got out of the beaten track.

She had the sea for a guide, and she kept bravely on. The force of the wind was so great that at times she was unable to battle with it, and crouched down with her face to the earth, until the blast had passed. Her feet and hands grew numb and lifeless, and a sense of intense drowsiness came over her. Lois knew only too well, the danger which now threatened her; in the distance she could see the dark outlines of the village houses silhouetted against the grey clouds, and she cried out in her heart for strength.

All the past seemed before her; the light of happy days glowed about her; she must lie down here, and let this glow and warmth surround her; she stumbled forward and fell, the sharp edge of a rock made a deep cut in her forehead, it saved her life; she struggled to her feet, and looked about her with heavy eyes, she was in the village; in a window glowed a light, the only sign of life around; almost without life she dragged herself toward it, she stumbled up the step, she heard the sharp, quick bark of a dog, she saw a flood of light as the door opened, she fell forward into a man's strong arms, and heard the cry of "Lois!" and then she knew no more.

"She was not to die, life was indeed just to begin for her; she woke to consciousness to find the dark eyes of Dr. John gazing into her's; his hands holding her's close to his heart."

"I am strong now, John," she said. "I want you for mother."

"Yes, dear, as soon as you drink this hot wine and eat these biscuits; not another word until you do."

And she obeyed, because it was so good to do it, and she watched him silently, while he pulled on his coat and muffler, and scuffed sundry bottles and packages into his hand bag; the tinkling of sleigh bells told that he had not been unmindful of the mother, while Lois lay unconscious. "Come," he said.

He wrapped her up warmly in his own furs, and without a word he lifted the slender form and placed it in the sleigh; his man threw him the reins, and in a moment they were off.

"Tell me about it, dear," he said, as they sped along.

And Lois told him of the failure and death of her father.

Of the confession he had made that he had lost all the property put in trust with him for John Howard by his failure; that he had no right to use the money, but had done so with the hope of restoring it; that through the embezzlement of his cashier, he had lost all; and he begged them for the sake of the name they bore to make restitution to John Howard, and then he had died suddenly, and her mother had done what she could to clear the name; she had converted her own property into money, and had placed it to John Howard's account; they had only a pittance left, and they lived upon that; and they had left their home and hidden away before he returned from Europe; they could not bear that he should know, "and it is all there for you, John dear."

[CONCLUSION ON PAGE 11.]



## College News.

Manager: Miss C. H. POPPENHEIM, Charleston, S. C.

All colleges for women in the State are invited to send notes to this Department.

### Presbyterian College for Women, Columbia, S. C.

**L**AST Friday evening, in the Chapel of the College, a recital was given by Miss Missildine, pianist, assisted by Miss Halley Ione Phillips, reader. Miss Missildine rendered several numbers of Chopin's with remarkable skill and brilliancy. Miss Phillips' selections were well chosen, and read with her usual vivacity, which never fails to capture her hearers. After a brief programme, a reception was held for an hour or so in the parlors.

Mr. Mayser, our Musical director, has promised us a great treat in the form of a Cantata, to be given after the holidays, for the benefit of the Library. A musical club has been organized under the auspices of the musical faculty of the college, to which many of the townspeople belong.

Its primary object is to study and create more appreciation for better music. They also hope to have some very fine artists here in the spring.

It is only a few days now until we go home for the Christmas holidays, and permit us to wish for "The Keystone" a very prosperous New Year. —MARY G. CHERRY.

### Betsy Ross.

(Written for The Keystone.)

[In the east wing of Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, the tourist may find a dainty little woman who has charge of the rare historical collection there. In her spare moments she makes and offers for sale tiny little fac-similes of the original American flag as designed and arranged by Betsy Ross, her great-grand-mother. Through her kindness, we are able to publish the following account of Betsy Ross, which Miss Wilson has prepared especially for The Keystone.]

**L**IZABETH GRISCOM married John Ross, and within two years was left a young widow without children. She was familiarly known as "Betsy Ross," and lived in a small two and a half story house, still standing on the north side of Arch Street; present number, 239. Here she continued her husband's business of upholstering, and it was here that she was called upon by a committee of the Continental Congress, accompanied by General Washington, about the first of June, 1776, to make the first flag of the United States. The simple story of her shrewd tact and service in connection with this important historical event is a very interesting one.

It happened that her late husband's uncle, Colonel George Ross, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a member of the Continental Congress, was appointed one of the above mentioned committee, which, aided by General Washington, was required to have made for approval, a flag as a suitable emblem of the infant Republic. A drawing made by General Washington, supposed to have been his own conception of a design, with thirteen stars, and thirteen stripes, representing the thirteen original Colonies of the Union, was shown to Mrs. Ross, with the inquiry if she thought she could reproduce the same in bunting, and secure an effective arrangement of the red, white and blue. Then with quick appreciation, noticing that the stars as drawn, showed six points, she told General Washington and the other gentlemen present that the correct star should have five points. To the answer given her, that they understood that, but that a great number would be required, and the more

regular form with six could be more easily made than with five points, she promptly responded in a most practical way, by deftly folding a scrap of paper in a way readily remembered, and then with a single clip of her scissors, which in the quaint, old-fashion, were hanging ready at her side, she displayed to the astonished eyes of the august committee a true, symmetrical, five-pointed star. This, at once, for the time decided not only that point in her favor, but other suggestions of her's were agreed to, and after the design was partially redrawn, on the table in her little back parlor, she was left to make her sample flag, according to her own idea of the arrangement of the stars, the proportion of the stripes, and the general form of the whole. Upon its completion, it was presented to Congress, and the committee very soon thereafter had the pleasure of reporting to Betsy Ross that her flag was accepted as the National standard, and she was authorized to proceed at once to the manufacture of quite a large number for disposal by the Continental Congress.

It will thus be seen that Betsy Ross made the first United States flag, in June, 1776. The flag, however, accepted in secret session, and in actual use, was not publicly adopted by resolution of Congress; i. e. placed on record, until June 14th, 1777. It is, however, an important fact to chronicle that the business of flag making, as established at that time by Betsy Ross, was continued by her and her immediate family for some sixty-odd years.

On June 15th 1777, at the Old Swedes Church, in Philadelphia, Betsy Ross married Captain Joseph Ashburn, who was engaged in the merchant service; his duties keeping him at sea, whilst his wife continued the flag making business, at her old home. Captain Ashburn was captured by the English, and thrown into Mill Prison, where he fell a victim to the prevailing contagion, and after a short illness died March 3rd, 1782. In his unfortunate captivity, in company with and cared for in his sickness by his old friend, John Claypoole, he naturally had much to say of his far away busy and faithful wife, and in his dying moments confided to him his final farewell messages to her. These on his release and return to Philadelphia, John Clay Poole hastened to deliver in person, and was obliged to break to her the first sad tidings of her husband's death. Before Betsy Ross became the wife of Captain Ashburn, John Claypoole had already formed a strong attachment for her, so that it is not difficult to understand, aided by the tender sympathies elicited through the above mentioned circumstance, that the gentle grace of the still young woman should have completely captivated his heart. He therefore earnestly pressed his suit, and received her early consent to their union.

John Claypoole and Elizabeth Griscom (first Ross; second Ashburn; third Claypoole;) were married May 8th, 1783. John Claypoole died August 3rd, 1817, within a few days of being sixty-five years old; and his wife, Elizabeth Claypoole, died January 30th, 1836, at the age of eighty-four years.

SARAH WILSON.



### King's Daughters.



[Report read at the Semi-annual Meeting, held in Charleston, S. C., on December 12th, 1899.]

**I**T gives me pleasure to meet you, dear friends, this afternoon, especially as there are several subjects I would like to bring to your attention, after I have given you a report of what progress and work our beloved Order has accomplished since last Spring, when I gave you my annual



report. This report, as to an increase of circles throughout this State and this city, I am sorry to say, is of necessity short.

I have letters from six points in other parts of the State, desiring instruction and aid in starting new circles; in answer to which I wrote long letters, and also sent leaflets and other literature pertaining to the work, and hope they have formed their circles, though they have not yet reported same to our Recording Secretary or Treasurer. None have reported any disbanding, or falling off of interest.

In Charleston, however, I regret to report the disbanding of two circles, which is a loss, for though the members may unite with other circles, still as a circle more apparent and efficient work can be done in a co-operative way where there are a larger number of circles, even if the membership is not large. The disbanding of one of these circles was caused by the Leader moving away from the city, and the Vice-Leader being too busy to undertake the Leadership; now, had this strong and useful circle only had a second Vice-Leader, this circle would still be the faithful Mizpah, always ready and willing to assist in anything called upon to do. I regret the loss of these circles very much. All of the other circles in the city are strong and earnest, and some have increased in membership.

You have all read in the papers the account of the opening of the Florence Crittenden Home, by The Christlove Circle, and I feel sure will unite with me in sincere congratulation on their wonderful success in being able to so soon begin the work, and aid them in any way possible to continue their great and arduous undertaking. A visit to their Home (No. 20 Ashton Street) would be an inspiring surprise to any one interested in that work.

The co-operative work of our Order continues to grow closer to the heart of all circles and members interested, which was testified by the deep interest shown by the whole Order in our city at the "Tea" given by them last month in aid of the work. Over ninety dollars was cleared at this entertainment.

The room at the Riverside Infirmary has been occupied almost continuously during the summer and fall, showing the great need and benefit of this work.

I regret very much that I was unable to attend the Interstate Conference held by our Order in Baltimore, Md., in the later part of October; but our State was represented by Miss Walter, who read my report.

The Conference requested all State Secretaries to send a list of members in their States to our Central Council, that every one of The King's Daughters and Sons in the country might receive a copy of the Interstate Conference Number. I, of course, complied with the request, and wrote to every Leader in the State, and nearly all sent me their lists of membership, so I trust all have ere this, received and will read this very interesting number.

At the Conference a resolution was passed, requesting each State Secretary to do all in her power to aid the helpful Council, by urging her State to adopt the plan originated by the Ontario, Canada, and Connecticut branches of our Order. That is, to send from our State a small "Thank Offering" early in 1900 to Central Council. I am sure we all realize the immense strain which this work brings upon the Central Council, our "Mother" in the Order, and the benefit we receive through the dear Silver Cross, and their assistance given us during our Conventions.

We do not want to fall behind other States in loving aid

to our Council, and I find that seventeen, including those represented at the Interstate Conference, have promised to unite in this Thank Offering; so let us begin here this afternoon by collecting five cents from each who are willing to give, and Miss Lee, or I, will at any time receive a donation from a circle or individual for that purpose.

As this is our last general meeting before our next Convention, which you know is to be held in Darlington, I would like to say a few words on that subject. We must make this, our first Convention outside of Charleston, a strengthening and a benefit to our beloved Order, and it cannot be a success unless every circle sends delegates, so I would urge and request all Leaders to bring this matter before their circles at every meeting, and if necessary make arrangements to set aside or raise a fund to send their delegates to the Fourth Annual Convention in the spring.

Now, just a word about our Christmas Dinner for the poor little children of our city. I feel sure that you all will co-operate with the same loving and generous spirit as in the years past in this Xmas Dinner, thus crowning the year's work In His Name, and bringing joy and pleasure for at least one day into the hearts of His poor little ones.

MYRTIS P. MATTHEWS (Mrs. C. G.)

State Secretary.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.]

"Yes," he said, "every miserable dollar; did you think I would spend it when I returned to find you gone? Your home in the hands of strangers, and no trace of you? I have spent years looking for you. You have made a foolish sacrifice; your father's cashier is dead, he had not been able to negotiate for the sale of those bonds; he sent for me, and on his death bed restored them; they are your's now, and I could find it in my heart to be angry if my happiness did not make it impossible to give place to any other feeling. You are mine now, Lois, absolutely, as I am thine, dearest.

The storm is over, and listen, Lois! dear heart! the joy bells are ringing for you and for me.

True enough, from the belfry of the little stone church the Christmas bells were ringing. They found an echo in the heart of Dr. John and Lois, in the heart of the feeble mother whom they nursed back to life, and in the hearts of faithful Lucy and Hiram.

With the dawn of Christmas came another sound of sleigh bells, and a voice roared out, "Cottage ahoy! Avast there lad, and give a hand!"

It was Captain Pratt, who hailed Hiram, walking at that minute around the cottage with Dr. John's Horse. In the dim light the captain might have been taken for a huge bear, so enveloped in furs was he.

"A pretty state of affairs this," he said, as he took in the situation. "Here I am head over heels in love with Miss Lois, and just in time to lose her."

Dr. John insisted upon removing Mrs. Edwards at once to his own comfortable home, and the captain supported him.

The cottage was not to be without a tenant, however, for he gave the title deeds to Lucy and Hiram Curtis.

Before another week a new doctor was on his way to the village, and Dr. and Mrs. John, and their mother, took passage on the good ship Medora, with Captain Pratt, for their home in the Sunny South, where they all "lived happily forever after."



# American Transvaal Fund,

To Aid Widows and  
Orphans of the Boers.

In the name of the Africander Bond, on behalf of the citizens of the South African Republic and their noble ally, the Orange Free State, I appeal to all Americans to show their sympathy with the brave people who are now, in the words of John Hancock, literally offering all that they have, all that they are, and all that they hope to be, upon the altar of their country, fighting to the death the arrogance and imposition of the great British Empire, in order to remain free and independent, as did our American forefathers in 1776 and 1812. There will be no Boer wounded on the British-American hospital ship.

Send your subscriptions, small and large, to the newspaper which publishes this appeal to forward the same to me, and I will send the amount to Mr. C. C. de Villiers, Cape Town, Hon. Treasurer of the Committee of the Africander Bond, to be expended under the following appeal just received by me.

If fuller information about the Boer question be desired, "The Outlook" pamphlet upon the "War in South Africa" will be mailed upon receipt of six cents in postage stamps.

December 7, 1899.

GEORGE W. VAN SICLEN,  
141 Broadway, New York City.

## An Appeal to the People.

DEAR COUNTRYMEN—It is in accordance with a resolution, unanimously adopted at a meeting of Africander and Bond Members of Parliament, that we address you as follows:—

Notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts made by our clergymen, our ministers, our Party in Parliament, our Bond Branches, and our women, by means of respectful petitions, public meetings, and by other means to preserve the invaluable blessings of peace for South Africa, the much-dreaded war has virtually broken out.

Her Majesty's forces will soon be involved in a bloody war with the burghers of the Transvaal and the Free State, who are one with us in religion, language and descent.

There are but few Colonial Africanders who are not bound to the inhabitants of both Republics by ties of relationship, intimacy or friendship. This makes war still more painful to you and us, and much more calamitous to South Africa, than it would otherwise be.

It is not our object to inquire to whom all this misery and calamity which await our country, owing to the existing circumstances, are due. Enough acrimony exists without such inquiry. Much more does it befit us to yield to the overpowering impulse which fills the heart of our people with a desire to do something in aid of our kinsmen and friends beyond the Orange and Vall rivers, by giving it an opportunity to express itself in some legitimate manner in work and deed.

What may, what can, we Colonial Africanders do in this sorrowful time? Join in the work of warfare with the weapons? The law and our duty as British subjects forbid this, even should other circumstances not oppose such a course of action.

But what neither the law nor the duty of the subject forbids, and what, moreover, agrees in every respect with all principles of religion and humanity, is the offering of help to the wounded, to the widows and the orphans.

If you are in earnest in your expressions of sympathy with your brothers and sisters in those parts, you will make sacrifices in favor of those men who will be wounded or mutilated on the field of battle, and for the sake of those wives and children who will be robbed of their only support in life by sword or bullet.

With that object in view we entreat you to subscribe to the appended list, and to do so with unstinted liberality.

When the war is concluded there will be hundreds, perhaps thousands, of widows and orphans left quite unprovided for. It is chiefly on their behalf that our party in Parliament appeal to you. Large sums of money will be needed to provide them, even to a slight extent, with the necessities of life.

Let each one, therefore, contribute, and not only a trifle, as if it were for an ordinary matter, but to the utmost of his or her means; even though he or she should have to deny himself or herself some pleasure or other for a long time to come.

Provision will be made to prevent the abuse of your donations.

Mr. C. C. de Villiers has kindly undertaken the duties of hon. treasurer of the committee.

Give liberally and speedily. Open subscription lists in each district and each Field-cornetcy and appoint collectors to call upon each inhabitant to solicit contributions, so that no person be omitted.

Convinced that we have not appealed to you in vain, and trusting that an all-wise Providence may see fit speedily to terminate the calamity of war in South Africa, we subscribe ourselves with due respect your obedient servants,

Cape Town, October 10, 1899.

N. F. DE WAAL, M. L. A.  
JOS. N. HOFFMAN, M. L. A.  
J. H. HOFMEYER.  
THOS. P. THERON, M. L. A.  
D. J. A. VAN ZYL, M. L. A.

Subscriptions for the above will be received at the office of this paper, and forwarded to Mr. Van Siclen, Hon. Treasurer in New York, to be transmitted to Cape Town.



# THE KEYSTONE.

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This Journal, the Official Organ of the South Carolina Federation of Woman's Clubs, is

**Devoted to Woman's Interest Everywhere.**

It is Owned and Edited by Women. It has been so well appreciated that its circulation has increased to two thousand copies monthly.

From a 12 page Journal on June 1st, 1899, it appears this month a 20 page Journal.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS.

It is published at the very low price of

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CHARLESTON, S. C.

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When answering advertisements please mention THE KEYSTONE.



## Book Reviews.

**H**OUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO. have just brought out another of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's stories. In these days when there is so much interest taken in the training of young girls, it is most gratifying to get hold of a good, pure story, which is suitable for any mother to put into her daughter's hands.

"Square Pegs," by Mrs. Whitney, is just such a story; full of clean, healthy, girlish interest. Estabel, the heroine, might have lived in any American town, and her trials and successes are possible in many conservative communities.

Mrs. Whitney's style is simple, direct and comprehensive.

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**M**R. F. Hopkinson Smith's new book of short stories, collected under the title of "The Other Fellow," preserves his reputation for charm and wonderful versatility. This collection is full of bits of vivid description, showing the real artist, and each story stands out distinct, carrying with it a touch of tenderness and high morality. His characters are real, and give one the feeling of renewing old acquaintances, rather than of meeting them for the first time. "Aunt Chloe," and "Terrapin" are personal friends of long standing. "A Kentucky Cinderella" is the most finished, and shows Mr. Smith's familiarity with the South and its people; while "One of Bob's Tramps" is perhaps the most thoroughly artistic sketch. The illustrations add to the general interest of the book, and the binding, paper and paging are most attractive, and quite in keeping with the other publications of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston and New York, 1899.)

**W**OMEN are often prone to take too serious a view of life, and for this reason it is most gratifying to notice a good rattling farce written by a woman. The Keystone has had the pleasure of reading "A Rank Deception," a farce in two acts, by Miss Lilli Huger Smith, as originally presented by amateurs in Charleston, S. C., January 9th, 11th, 14th and 16th, 1899.

This clever and ingenious little play is published by Walter H. Baker & Co., of Boston, Mass., and is in every way suitable for amateur theatricals, dealing, as it does, with a phase of the Cuban War, which afforded ample scope for Miss Smith's keen, bright sarcasm. The action is rapid, and the dialogue is filled with clever repartee. Miss Smith has that rarest of qualities, a bright, keen sarcasm, that does not sting, and The Keystone is glad to record "A Rank Deception" as the work of a South Carolina woman.

**T**HE KEYSTONE has read with interest No. 6 of the Transactions of the Huguenot Society of South Carolina. This very attractive pamphlet contains much of interest to the genealogist, and especially to those of Huguenot descent. The article on the Prioleau family in Europe and America (with its attractive illustrations), and the one on the Ravenel family, in France and America, are valuable additions to the archives of this organization.

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